



SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS

Deep in Canadian woods we've met
From one bright Island flown
Great is the love we're ad but yet
Our hearts are with our own
And ere we leave this shanty small
While fades the autumn day
We'll toast old Ire and
Dear old Ireland
Ireland boys hurrah

We know that brave & good men tried
To snap her rusty chain
That patriots suff'd matters died
And all 't's said in vain
But no boys not a glance will show
How far they've won their way
Here's good old Ireland
Brave old Ireland
Ireland boys hurrah

We've seen the wedding & the wake
The patron and the fair
The stuff they take fun they make
And the hen's they break down there
With a loud hurroo & a jilaloo
And a thundering cheer the way
Here's gay old Ireland
Dear old Ireland
Ireland boys hurrah

And well we know in the cool grey
eyes
When the hard day's work is o'er
How soft & sweet are the words that
greet
The friends that meet once more
With Mary Macleer & Pat 'tis he
And my own heart night and day
Ah fond old Ireland
Dear old Ireland
Ireland boys hurrah

And happy and bright are the groups
that pass
From their peaceful homes for miles
O'er fields and roads and hills so vast
When Sunday morning sun rises
And deep haze lingers such arts see
When low they kneel and pray
On dear old Ireland
Blest old Ireland
Ireland boys hurrah

But deep in Canadian woods we met
And we may see again
The dear old Isle where our hearts are
set
And our first fond hopes remain
But fill up on the cup
And with every cup let's say
Here's old old Ireland
Good old Ireland
Ireland boys hurrah